

52,
Tavistock Square,
W.C.1.

Monday
—

April 10
1934

Telephone : Museum 2621.

Just a line, as my aunt ~~is~~ used to say; we're back
here till Monday, & shall I tell you a story when?
Because the telephone rings a ring & my days
are nibbled from me by rats — Edddy for me. Lord,
how lonely today was: how hateful this blasted
black black town is! All I can do is to keep up &
down on my perch like a parrot till
Monday: but to tell you would be to me what
— is it sugar or hump or worms? — would be to a
parrot.

52,
Tavistock Square,
W.C.1.

Monday
—

April 10
1934

Telephone : Museum 2621.

Just a line, as my agent ~~of~~ used to say; he is back
here till Monday, & shall I tell you a story when?
Because the telephone rings & rings & my days
are nibbled from me by rats — Golly for me. Lord,
how lonely today was: how hateful this blasted
black black town is! All I can do is to hop up &
down on my perch like a parrot till
Monday: but tell me you would be to me what
— is it sugar or hemp or worms? — would be to a
parrot.

Bruce Richmond

Did I tell you that I heard from Bruce Richmond
that Percy ^{Hubbrook's} Labbuck's life is a burden to him because of his
Libby's fandangos - Can't sit & write without a
thump on the ceiling from Libby, who wants a
hot water bottle or an air ~~cushion~~ cushion. No
more work in this world from Percy. A that's your doing -
I've written so many articles & so bad - ^{some} ~~some~~ the
last, about whom I've been candid & caustic. I'd
what a letter to Robbie Ross? Did you read it? How
could ~~could~~ ^{could} caution & damage - like the
writing of a fat woman, ~~is~~ ^{is} thing - I is joking: for Harold
likes him -
Yr. Some, I mean.

24th April

Hôtel Moderne
Brantôme

Well I got your letter last night - given
rather melancholy letter. And it was so
lonely here - a fine evening, a stone bridge, a
river going in circles like the lash of a whip, a
boy fishing, a man cutting down a poplar tree:
a whole colony of jays & nested in -
rock. But this is the most coherent sentence
I shall write, as I'm occupying a table in the
dining room, & next me is a fat Frenchman,
rather like Boggy Harris, munching great
hunks of roll. It has recovered, the
weather, which for 3 days was appalling: &
everybody is sitting in the street, & warming:
No; it's clouding over again. Anyhow
we have had no accidents, rare puncture.
France is entirely empty - we drove a
whole morning under avenues & met

HOTEL MODERNE

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PRIX DE 5000 FR. DU T. C. F.
CONCOURS BIENEFELD 1924

00000000

A. André

Propriétaire

BRANTOME (DORDOGNE)

TÉLÉPHONE : 15



*The Hon
Mr. H. Nicholson
Long Barn
Weald
Sevenoaks
Kent*

Angleterre

perhaps two oxen & an old woman sitting on a bank
with sheep attached to the umbrella by a piece of
string. Yesterday was the best of all. We went
to Montaigne - a hill in the middle of vineyard,
where the Tower Hill stands; & the very low room,
Harris, & window where, in which - grammar & fine -
Montaigne wrote his essays: also his saddle - a
view precisely the same he saw. Does this excite you?
(in spite of grammar: but the French don't eat breakfast
without wine)

I see why one is so happy here: no visitors. No
bring in at 5 to see ^{NYPL} ~~libel~~ ^{libel} ~~libel~~; to see Eddy; to see
out. That's the horror you live. I intend to stop it;
I can't get back into that squirrel cage again.
Here, in spite of packing, mousing, lightening, I've
actually read two or three books in peace. From
want to finish. - a thing incredible in London.
Now for the summer, I intend a weekly expedition
with Vita: & no 'seeing' at all. Can it be
done? I am sure the rest of your
melancholy life in the disordered & odd -
end - one thing starts its broken this & that -
& exacerbates more than anything. Now I've no
room to discuss sons & lovers - what a good book, my
word: I must read him all. Murray ~~no~~ disgusted me.
I never faced him. We shall be back at Dieppe
today week - V.

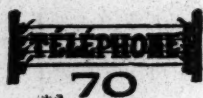
HOTEL DU PARADIS

RENÉ PINCHON

DREUX

DREUX, Le 28^e April
1931

R. C. DREUX 506



Yes. I like that way of beginning your
letter - please keep to it in future. E.S.
has no such beginning - (a last night)
Dreamt she was dead; but have just had 6 pages from her.

Here we are, Daph, even so cold, shivering
& shaking with cold. (Can it be like this in England?)
Even when the sun is out, it is still bitter.
We have violent storms of hail, thunder -
lightning. I can't remember a more blasted
fortnight - though its lovely too: a mazy green,
blue, purple, poplar like young birds
feathered - Just the hotel, at night are
getting rather a treat. No central heating:
the machine failed. We sit under the
light, wrapped in a rug, as now: try to
read; get into bed about 9: & then there's
movie next door - tonight a wedding. Marie
been dancing since 5 - skimming young women
in skirts, madymade, skimming: pale young men -
grey trousers: vast stout mother: a white
bag & feet in black velvet just & patent leather
shoes. I pecked in & was fascinated: he &
didn't let me stay, maybe I saw the whole

of French provincial life exposed before me. A
young man suddenly stood up alone & sang.
Low - but the noise they make!

I'm sorry about your mother. I feel vaguely guilty,
but anything would have fired her off in her
moored & thwarted state; I don't think it's me particularly.
I'm glad you stood out. And anyhow you need it so
there weekly - but I see the discomfort, what with
her being your mother (odd though it seems) & so on.

Low - low - again - this time about Harold & Parliament.
I admire the way he takes his fences - that's what
I should have done had I been Harold - but really,
foolish, perverse, uncalculable - like a large
boiling cod in a pail of water. I think he'll
join: but a member's wife isn't nearly so
much of a wedding cake as an Ambassador's,
may be. Now if I'd married Milton Young -

We go to ^{Candebec} Candebec tomorrow: cross by night
boat on Thursday: London Saturday evening

And when shall I see you?

This 4th night (what the way to make it?) seems
at least 4 4th nights: I've thought over all the
books I shall live to write, skimming down endless
roads: & you're going to be a farmer are you?
This pen is vile. V.

of French provincial life spread before me. A
young man suddenly stood up alone & sang.
Low - but the noise they make!

I'm sorry about your mother. I feel vaguely guilty,
but anything would have fired her off in her
mooded & thwarted state; I don't think it me particularly.
I'm glad you stood out. And anyhow you need it so
there weekly - but I see the discomfort, what with
her being your mother (and that it seems) & so on.

Low - low - again - this time about Harold & Parliament.
I admire the way he takes his fences - that's what
I should have done had I been Harold - but rash,
foolish, nervous, uncalculable - like a large
bouncing cod in a pail of water. I think he'll
join: but a member's wife isn't nearly so
much of a wedding cake as an Ambassador, I
imagine. Now if I'd married Milton Young -

We go to ^{Candebec} Candebec tomorrow: cross by night
boat on Thursday: London Saturday evening

And when shall I see you?

This 4th night (what the way to make it?) seems
at least 4 4th nights: I've thought over all the
books I shall live to write, spinning down endless
roads: & you're going to be a farmer are you?
This pen is vile. V.

LEWES

SUSSEX

8. — PM

The MAY 24



24 MAY 31

Mr H Nicholson
Girringhurst Castle
~~Staplehurst~~
Kent

Wm Jo back on Thursday.
Lunch one: What fun if you'd come.
She also writes:
to Sis?

Mum's House, Rodmell.

Sunday. May 24

Dearest Creature,

We've decided not to come on Tuesday,
as I've been in bed with a head ache for two
days, & though much better today, the Epileptics
& talk with Saredaly would probably bring it
back. What a curse. I suppose you wouldn't
come here on Tuesday - lunch? instead - We
have a room if you'd stay the night.

I had such an awful doing with Ethel on Wednesday.
That woman's egotism is hardly credible, & she is
now in full flood with a new grievance against
Proust & the N.B.L. I'm sure it's all
her heated invention, but it took 2½
hours to hammer in to me on Wednesday,
at the end of which I felt like a boat
wrecked to or barn door. Not without
foreboding did I say that I preferred Vik to

I told when I'm ill. And this is the second time
this, come between us, - I feel powerless in her
hands. If she stays with you. Keep off the Rogers
& Boult & the BBL like fire - if it's
possible - or you'll be burnt to cinders too.
And I've waited 4 days when I wanted to write.
And I've spent them partly reading Menden Dairys
of Helen. The culatung upon her real character -
like longing for a full account from you — who
appear in a foot note as a distinguished author. What a
chance the British aristocracy has lost — I
mean if they'd only grafted brains on to those
stupid bodies & wholesome minds — for I can't help
liking her, in her wild idiocy, & her frankness "7
Days late — can it be a child —" seems to
me the highest human quality, if it weren't
combined with a housemaid's sensibility & the
sentimentality of a ^{look} ~~furbelows~~ Could Blomberg be
grafted on to Mayfair: but no: we're too ugly —
they're too stunted. And so the world goes to rack &
ruin.) See Harold is standing V.

2nd May 1931

Monks House
Sunday

This is today - what I've written also to Long Barn -

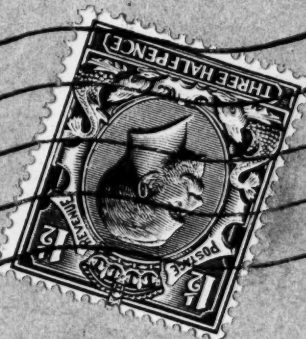
What we must put off coming on Tuesday, as
I've been in bed with a head ache & afraid to
risk another by an expedition. What a bore!

If you could come here on Tuesday - lunch me -
or stay the night - what a pleasure!

I'm practically all right - only keeping quiet.

V.

LEWES
SUSSEX
8. — PM
24 MAY 31



The Hon

*Mr. H. Nicholson
Long Barn
Weald*

Sevenoaks

*8. — PM
SUSSEX*

LEWES
SUSSEX
8. — PM
24 MAY

LEWES
SUSSEX
8. — PM
24 MAY

LEWES
SUSSEX
8. — PM
24 MAY

*John o' the
Long Barn
Wick*

Mrs. M. Nicholson

Mrs. M.



LEWES
SUSSEX
8. — PM
24 MAY 31